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THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL.

The Sunbeam loved the Moonbeam,
And followed her low and high;
But the Moonbeam fled and hid her head,
She was so shy — so shy.

The Sunbeam wooed with passion,—
Oh, he was a lover bold,
And his heart was afire with mad desire,
For the Moonbeam pale and cold.

She fled like a dream before him,
Her hair was a shining sheen,—
And oh, that Fate would annihilate
The space that lay between!

Just as the Day lay panting
In the arms of the twilight dim,
The Sunbeam caught the one he sought,
And drew her close to him.

But out of his warm arms, startled
And stirred with Love's first shock,
She sprang afraid, like a trembling maid,
And hid in the niche of a rock.

And the Sunbeam followed and found her,
And led her to Love's own feast;
And they were wed on that rocky bed,
And the dying Day was their priest.

And lo! the beautiful Opal,
That rare and wondrous gem,
Where the moon and sun blend into one,
Was the child that was born to them.

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